









AUF WIEDERSEHEN!  
The violins are waiting  
A mystical, dreamy waltz  
And my heart, in its listening, halts  
She comes through the shining roses  
Through the tender, dewy air  
And the soft light discloses  
The sheen of her yellow hair  
She draws through the darkness nearer  
A well-known, trusting place  
In my heart I hold nothing dearer  
Than that moonlit maiden face  
The sound of far-off laughter  
From the dancers in the hall  
Comes floating faintly after  
Why does she leave them so?  
Just for the sake of a meeting  
Here by the fountain rim,  
Just for a lover's greeting  
Here in the moonlight dim  
"Love, we shall soon be parted!"  
The air seems one long, soft sigh;  
"Love, I grow weary of the night"  
With the weight of the dreary "good-by,"  
The violins cease waiting  
Their dreamy waltz refrain;  
The moonlight now is falling;  
A kiss and "Auf wiedersehen!"  
Oh, when my last day closes,  
When I lie down to rest,  
Come, through life's darkness and roses,  
And whisper, "Auf wiedersehen."

## How We Adopted Johnny.

E. E. FLAUG.

Everybody said it was absurd, or nearly everybody. There were some exceptions, just enough to prove the rule that if you try to do good in an uncommon way you may count on having the majority of your friends and acquaintances against you. If we girls had gone without sugar in our tea for a whole year, or had every season, and turned our old dresses till they reached the last verge of shabbiness, or if we might save money to help support an orphan asylum, no one would have made the slightest objection. Everybody would have thought it all right and proper; but to adopt a baby! take it right into our home and hearts, who ever heard of such a thing? And then Johnny's father was an awful drunken brute. Very likely he had the hereditary taste for liquor, and would turn out bad. But Rose sententiously remarked that "if nobody ever heard of such a thing before it was high time they had," while Mag wanted to know "if it was poor Johnny's fault that he had a drunken father, and was a tosser of her already dead?" "What is the use of our being minister's daughters if we can't do as we like?"

But though we thus threw down our gauntlet of defiance to Mrs. Grundy, it was not without some misgivings that we intruded into our father's study with this startling plan. Our father, who was writing a home missionary sermon, paused in the midst of his statistical researches and looked mildly amazed, while Rose, being the eldest and already engaged to teach the district school, took upon herself the part of laying it before him.

"I fear you do not realize the greatness of the undertaking, my daughters. I would not wish to discourage you in any good work, but it is a great responsibility take a child to bring up, especially a boy, and one who has—"

Our father paused, but we knew what was in his mind. Oh, that awful law of heredity! and yet God is good and even Nature is not all inexorable, fatalistic sternness. There is forgiveness with her, that she may be feared.

"But, father," finally answered Rose, "you said yourself how you hated to see Johnny grow up, and how much that such children needed especially the moral education and the religious restraints of a Christian home."

"And we have planned it all among ourselves," interrupted Mag. "We shall make our old dresses last ever so long, and not lay out an extra cent that we can help."

"Well, my daughters, I will think about it."

And our father returned to his list of figures, thinking, no doubt, in his secret heart that our wish to adopt little Johnny was a mere vagary of the moment.

"It is a great undertaking, I know," remarked thoughtful Rose, as we shut the study door behind us. We ought to count the cost first."

"If we had counted it a hundred times already," exclaimed impulsive Mag. "Say, girls, I am going off straight this minute to get him. I'll tell the matron we want to borrow him for the day."

And away she ran, soon appearing with little Johnny, for the almshouse was not far off. We looked askance for a moment, first at each other and then at him. Johnny put his finger in his mouth, and returned the compliment. As Mag had captured him while engaged in testing the plastic properties of Mother Earth on the brink of the most convenient mud-puddle, he looked a good deal like a very young pilgrim who had set out for the Celestial City, but fallen into the Slough of Despond by the way.

"I should think those things the town matron would be mighty fit to let Johnny," suggested Rose faintly.

"Oh," exclaimed Mag, but not an other word did she say; and we all went upstairs, Rue leading Johnny, large eyed and wondering. There they were in the bureau drawer, folded them up and laid them away, dropping bitter tears, while we, in the meantime, stood her on tip-toe and looked in. There they were in their fair, unwrinkled smoothness, with that faint, sweet, shut-in order, which is like no other that I know of. For ten long years that little brother, just Johnny's age, had been living with the angles. He did not need the pretty embroidered frock, nor the tiny shoes just worn a little at the tip, nor that long string of coral beads, yet it gave us a pang to disturb them.

When we had washed and dressed him, and combed out the light yellow hair, over which Mag spent a great deal of unnecessary time trying to make it curl we led him triumphantly into our father's study. Little children are so much alike the world over! No wonder our father and mother stood for the moment forgot his missionary sermon, as the small apparition, so startlingly like and yet unlike, his lost baby boy met his eyes. But he took Johnny on his knee and kissed him, and we knew his consent was gained. Then we told him stories, and showed him pictures, and played games till we were tired, and Mag took him out in the garden, while we drew out our leavings and looked around on our disordered sitting-room. "A child always makes work; we must expect that," said Rue, as she picked up the blocks and the torn papers, and put the chairs straight that had been tied together to represent a train of cars. Ten

minutes passed in quiet. Then we heard a scream from Mag, and a frightful outcry from Johnny. The water-bub had been left carelessly half-covered and Johnny had fallen in. We rushed to the rescue, but he was not hurt, but misgivings began to steal over us. Hitherto we had looked on Johnny in the light of a budding cherub, but before the day was over we felt more as if we had a young baboon on our hands, for he kept us in a continual state of anxiety. He fell from high places, and he fell from low places; he crawled into the pig pen; he scented the brooding hen from her nest. He developed an enormous sweet tooth; he stuck up his face and hair and our own dresses with huge slices of bread and molasses; he introduced his little, round, fat fingers into the jars of blackberry jam that had been placed in the sun to harden; and this last offense upset Rue's equanimity and left her she administered a good spanking he assumed the offended role known so well to baby tyrants, and cried and screamed, and called us "naughty old hateful things," and said he did not want to stay with us any longer, besides a good many other expressions of similar tenor, which probably Johnny did not mean, any more than some grown folks mean when they say when they get into a passion.

What should we do? Send Johnny back to the almshouse, and thank our stars that we had not committed ourselves to keeping him more than this one dreadful day? "O girls!" said Mag, half-crying, "I'm afraid we did wrong ever to think of such a thing at all. We don't know enough and we aren't patient enough for such a work. I had no idea Johnny was so mischievous and had such a temper. And poor Mag ended with a regular 'boo-hoo' behind her pocket-handkerchief.

"Well Mag," said I, "I am sure that I am not qualified yet to be the head of an orphan asylum, but still I don't like to put my hand to the plow and look back."

In Rue, grave-eyed, earnest-souled Rue, while she stood up in midst like a Sibyl. "The trouble is we expected Johnny would behave like a little angel with wings, and he is not an angel (a responsive groan from Mag), nor, I am afraid, very near one. He is just a little, untamed, untrained human child who is trying to do by Johnny; teach it the difference between right and wrong, be patient with it when it was naughty, and always love it whether it was naughty or good; and how the descendants of that one poor, neglected child are almost all in prisons and almshouses to-day? And O what if it should be so with little Johnny, and then we should be old, aged, penniless and love! Wouldn't it be awful to think we might have prevented all that sin and misery? Can't we receive and bear with this one little child for Jesus' sake? O girls, which is best? a little more leisure for reading and dressing and company, or to hear him say at last, 'Because ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me?'"

Sue's voice had dropped low with the solemnity of her closing. The tears were standing in Mag's eyes, our bright, impulsive Mag, and I know my own were wet. Then came a patter of little feet behind us, and some very sticky fingers grasped my dress.

"What 'oo kyin' for? Johnny good now?" Johnny won't be naughty any more."

We caught the little fellow up and smothered him with kisses, all the naughtiness forgotten; for now that common sense had come to the front and we began to realize how foolish we had been in treating Johnny like a mere toy, things began to smooth out wonderfully. And the whole story, how we learned to bear with his childish follies, something as real mothers do and as God himself bears us in the infinite of His divine tenderness; of our failures and successes, and the little sacrifices we had to make, and how we were taught lessons of patience for all our after life (Mag, by the way, is married now and is blessed with one or two young hopefuls of her own who go to school and have partial eyes behave much better than Johnny did), behold, are not written, not in any earthly chronicles, but in our own lives and characters, made better and purer and more womanly thereby! Perhaps Johnny's guardian angel keeps the record somewhere. I don't know. But we are very proud of Johnny now. He got up and spoke against licensing the sale of liquor in Braggsville; just a modest, manly, right up and down speech, and said that whatever others did, his vote should always be cast for the rights of the sex that were not allowed to vote against the enemy of their homes; that he was for home protection to-day and always, and he could not understand how *man* brought up to reverence womanhood could be anything else, why, we were prouder still.

And we consider ourselves for all Mag's jest about the third of a loaf, not badly represented when we heard Squire Slocum say that "that young fellow speech was what turned the tide for prohibition, and saved our little township from another year of rum-run."

"He's turning out re'el smart," explained Squire Slocum to the Judge, who was a new-comer. "His father, old Dan Baker, dranked himself to death, and they had to send him to the poor-house; but our minister's darters, they took a shine to him and brought him up, and educated him. Folks talked about it and thought it was an awful queer thing for three girls to be 'o' doin', adoptin' a child and t' boy, too; but I'm a thinkin' they might have done wuss."

We looked at each other and smiled.

"Ah, Rue, I said, 'we might have done worse. Thank God we didn't give up on the first awful day.' And I drew out the Christ love in our hearts to make us keep on, so that even if we can't vote to put down rum, because we are women, it can be said of each of us, 'She hath done what she could.'"

And Rue and Mag softly said, "Amen."—*Union Signal.*

## BILL NYE TRIES TO UMPIRE.

He Keeps Score on Two Shingles at a Western Game.

A short time ago I was called upon by a committee of physicians and surgeons of Minneapolis, led by Dr. Hunter, of that city, with a request that I would umpire a game of baseball to be played on the ensuing day between the Allopatis and Homoeopaths of Minneapolis for the championship of the northwest, the proceeds to go to the Homoeopathic Hospital.

I told Dr. Hunter that an All-wise Providence had not seen fit to endow me with a great deal of baseball wisdom, but that I was passionately fond of the game, recognizing, as I did, that it denoted a wonderful degree of progress and a gradual leading up from bean-bag and two-old-cat towards the earnestness, the throbbing and thrill and such things as that of the true athlete.

Dr. Hunter said I had the right idea of the game, he thought, and he would get Mr. Conklin, of the Grand Opera House, to do the active part of the umpiring, leaving me mostly to sit under the shade of a large sun umbrella, outside the orbit of hot balls and engaged in thought. He said that a great many people had noticed in me the faculty of being able to assume a thing which was really engaged in something else. He said people liked that in anybody, and especially in an umpire.

At 2:30 the rival clubs arrived in separate ambulances and chose up for "ins." The Allopatis got the bat.

Each club had a separate pall out of which they drank when in need of anything in that line. The Homoeopaths took theirs at a third dilution every two minutes out of a "graduate," and the Allopatis drank out of a large tin dipper until relieved.

I presume the different players would not care to have me use their names here and so I will substitute fictitious names.

The Allopatis wore a uniform consisting of different kinds of clothes, but very becoming indeed. A few baseball uniforms scattered through the two clubs gave life and piquancy to the game and made it more difficult for the umpire to tell which side was in.

Dr. Gray wore drab small clothes, a light high hat with wide black band, and long, ash-colored moiré duster, held in place by means of a string.

Dr. Winkler wore a blue flannel sailor's suit with inflated rovers of same.

Dr. Pendergast wore a low-neck and short-sleeved knit lingerie, with checkered pantaloons and a wad of tulle at the throat. He wore a tarpaulin hat and no ornaments.

Dr. Bleeker wore a pair of all-wool trousers, with wedge of shrimp pink satin set in the back between his suspender buttons; white open-back shirt, pin-stripe suspenders, and Alpine hat.

Dr. Early wore a street costume, with fireman's hat and varioral necktie.

Dr. Pangborn wore a Prince Albert coat, knickerbockers and fore-and-aft steamer hat of small blue and white plaid, with aquiline-skin ear-bags tied crosswise over his ears. He wore no ornaments at the beginning of the game, but at the third inning appeared in a stellular, comminuted cutaneous just east of the parotid gland.

Dr. Penberthy wore a tennis suit with silk hat and crocheted slippers. He made a very fine appearance on the beautiful green ball ground, but generally perished before he reached second.

In batting Dr. Penberthy hit most always struck at the ball after the catcher had it in his pocket, and he always erred in diagnosing the general direction of the ball, and his treatment of it was visionary and theoretical in the extreme. I had to reprimand him three times for these things publicly.

Dr. McBean was dressed in a high-collared suit of pajamas, with light-colored rubber wading boots, which Dr. Hunter filled partly full of rain water by means of a stomach pump which he found in the ambulance. This water, rising and falling with a wild rushing noise while Dr. McBean was making his bases, reminded me of the gentle squeak made by the third stomach of a grass-fed horse as he goes joyously aloft.

Dr. Lannigan wore a pair of spectacular pantaloons and percale shirt, with his suspenders draped about his waist. He also wore his own whiskers, and threw with great accuracy. Woe to the man who got off his base if Dr. Lannigan had the ball, for he never failed to raise a two-quant blister on that man's nose, and he would make Cantharides just fairly fair himself to death. I told Dr. Lannigan that it was not absolutely necessary, according to the rulings of the land commissioner, that a player off his base could only be put out by the actual production of proud flesh and laudable pus, but he couldn't seem to understand it, and so he created a good deal of ill-feeling, though at heart a good man and very successful physician.

The game was called at 3 o'clock, and with two large shingles to keep tally on, I told the boys to sail in.

Dr. Mills, of the Allopatis, went first to bat. He was dressed simply in a suit of blue flannel, with richly beaded moccasins and high-crowned stiff black shiny straw hat. He spat on both hands, then caught up a quart of sand, which he applied to the handle of the bat, breathed in all the air between himself and the center-fielder, asked for an abdominal ball, and got so near what he requested that it was some time before I could signal Mr. Conklin to go on with the game. He was given his base on balls, I believe, and made a home run in the ambulance. When he got in he talked and took a bismuth powder that would have settled the stomach of a whole lively stable.

Dr. Dixon then came to the bat. He was dressed in a morning costume of brown shewit with maroon false fraise sleeve linings which had crooked his linen in places, but did not hurt the general effect. He wore no ornaments aside from a society emblem of solid gold attached to his watch chain which weighed two or three pounds. He asked for a clavicle ball, which he missed by a right smart. The pitcher prescribed another capsule for him, which he struck at just a few moments before it got to him, and with such force as to whirl him around on the home plate with great violence. As soon as he had recovered from his giddiness and vertigo I called time again, and this time he swatted the ball so high that it was a glorious chance for the center-fielder to get under it, as it was a long time in the air and came down as straight as a shot, but the center-fielder was just fitting a new stopper to his stethoscope, which he had lost out on his way to the

grounds, and so muffled it, as we would say.

The general error made by physicians in playing this game I find, in both cases, is not so much a lack of proper knowledge of its history, physiology, microscopical, chemistry, pathology, physiological medicine, pharmacy or therapeutics, for all schools seem to treat a hot ball in about the same manner, favoring in most cases a conservative course until the temperature of the ball is reduced, but the common error seems to be the same as that made in the Garfield case, viz., an incorrect diagnosis as to the course and location of the ball.

Space at this time will not permit an extended description of the game as played, but a hasty recapitulation shows that the Allopatis are more in favor of outward application and that they are further advanced, perhaps, in the various methods of probing for the ball, while the Homoeopaths are less liable to overplay themselves.

I enjoyed the game very much indeed, and can truly say that only once did I delay the playing at all, and that was when I was forced to go down to a bookstore on Nicollet avenue to get an authority on the question as to whether a player has the right to pull out of the game and carry it halfway to the next before throwing it back to its place. Several new questions arose, which were disposed of at the time, and will be regarded as authority. For instance, as to whether a batter who knocks the ball over the fence has to go and get it himself, also as to whether a player who steals a base has any right to pawn same.

At the close of the game, the city of Minneapolis is a credit to the handsome and thriving city, and always treats its umpire in a courteous manner. It is thorough in its knowledge and careful in its practice of medicine. It also excels in the field, and the flour batter of the Flour City has few superiors. Had not a heavy rain suddenly put a stop to the game, I fully believe that I would have been compelled to get another shingle for keeping the score.

Some of the spectators feared that the umpire would be hurt by the swift and venomous balls thrown and knocked about the ground with such terrible force, but the ball used was one that has been in use in our family for several generations, and is perfectly safe. It consists of a small hollow rubber ball, one and a half inches in diameter, wound with gray yarn to about four inches in diameter and then covered with red morocco.

Physicians and surgeons are generally regarded as very much hardened and oblivious to pain, but in playing ball they are thoughtful and prefer not to give needless pain.

Minneapolis is a thriving city, extremely healthy and prosperous, and where I bought some towels, only a few hours out from the city limits and at a price which almost made me ashamed to take them from the simple-hearted real estate agent who seemed to have no true conception of their enormous value.

As I came away I was just cutting up another large farm into wards, and was driving a stage where he intended to have a reunion school.—*Little Nye, in New York World.*

## Crowley and the Duds.

New York is beginning to recover from its almost over-whelming grief for the demise of Crowley, the chimpanzee. The people should be consoled with the thought that although Crowley has gone to join Jumbo in the angel menagerie, there are lots of duds behind.

Crowley was a remarkably intelligent animal, but still scientists do not regard him as the missing link. Darwin's idea, which has been generally accepted, was that Oscar Wild was the missing link. At the same time, there are other scientists who maintain that the New York duds come very near the mark. Crowley was too intelligent to fill the scientific requirements of the link.

However the death of Crowley must come home to the duds with the force of a family affliction. It is, perhaps, asking too much of the duds, but he should try to console himself with the thought that in this world pain and pleasure, like light and darkness, succeed each other. Without suffering there could be no fortitude, no compassion, sympathy and many of the brightest virtues, like stars, shine only in the dark. By all means, let the duds weep, for misery is cured in the brins of tears.

It often happens that fate not only presses a cup of misery to a duds's lips, but compels him to drain it slowly drop by drop. At the same time, there are no circumstances, however unfortunate, which would prevent a duds from being drawn. The hide of Crowley, properly upholstered and provided with glass eyes, will be on exhibition at the Museum of Natural History in Central Park, and there the duds can repair and greet his lost relative.—*Texas Sittings.*

## The Maid and the Bugologist.

He is an entomologist, and she a little miss Whom of a sultry summer night He first kisses to kiss.

As ere they oscillate his arm Steals round her waist so slim, She somehow comes upon a strange, New thrill that shoots thru him.

Right at the grand climacteric, When just about to hug Her, he's descried a heretofore Unclassified black bug.

He bounds to grab the thing, then comes Back to the girl, who squirms, and says, "Oh, the parson tells Us mortals are but worms."

"And oh, professor!" here the maid Her pretty shoulders shrugs—"If think, indeed I do, you'd best Confide yourself to bugs!"

And when the fatuous fool would fain Find her fair lips, he learns That this is just about the time The worm called woman turns.—*Boston Globe.*

## They Will Never Be Satisfied.

The people of Chicago are pretty hard to please. A short time ago one of the street railways provided special cars for smokers, in which the riders faced toward the street. Now the Chicagoans object to the arrangement, on the ground that in riding about town there are certain localities in which certain people desire to avoid recognition. In ordinary open cars a man can turn his head, but in these new cars he cannot avoid the public gaze. A Chicago man hates to be obliged to ride by a place where he owes a little bill and have to expose his full face to the creditor. The ordinary description of heaven would have no charms for the average Chicagoan. He would want something more.—*Philadelphia Times.*

## THE CAMP FIRE.

An Interesting Reminiscence of War Times as Told by Dan Reidy.

### Lincoln's Old Guard.

"Yes, those were stormy times. That March 4, 1861, is as fresh in my memory to-day as it was when I stood within three feet of grand old Abraham Lincoln while he delivered his inaugural address from the capitol steps. Conspiracy and rumors of insubordination, and the new executive weighed down the atmosphere of Washington. Every breeze blew treason."

The speaker was Daniel Reidy, a shoemaker, residing and still working on his bench at 528 West Huron street.

I was a member of the national guard of the District of Columbia then. Maj. Tate, a veteran of the Mexican war, was our commander. It was a volunteer company, but thoroughly disciplined. There was a call issued on the evening before for the company to report at the armory at daybreak promptly on the following morning. Few of us had our breakfasts. We did not positively know the occasion for the command, but surmised not a little. We were ordered to march to the front of the capitol building, after being furnished with fifteen rounds of ball cartridge. When Lincoln came upon the stand we were ordered to about face and a charge arms.

"About this time the nature of our mission dawned upon us. It had been threatened that Lincoln would be assassinated in Baltimore on his way from Springfield, Ill. He arrived at the Willard hotel at that time, and he was shot down while delivering his address. We stood there like statues during the tedious ceremony until 2 o'clock, when we were served with crackers and water. That was our dinner. It was the quickest and easiest way to keep our spirits up."

About noon an incident occurred which caused considerable excitement. The battalion had formed a cordon completely around the vast assemblage. Mr. Lincoln was about in the middle of his inaugural speech when a man climbed up into the branches of one of the trees on the sidewalk and began yelling incoherently at the top of his voice.

We with one accord concluded that he had been delegated to raise a disturbance and start the deviltry, thus creating a panic and leaving an opportunity for the assassins. The militiamen braced themselves more solidly on their rifles, and their guns more firmly, and awaited orders from the commanding officer. The police, however, clubbed the disturber from the limb upon which he was perched. It was afterward ascertained that he was a harmless lunatic who had climbed from the roof of a house near the Potomac. But the excitement was intense for awhile. Lincoln, however, never halted in his remarks for an instant, nor did he manifest a tremor.

When he concluded we instantly formed in platoons of fours and were ordered to march on the double quick toward New Jersey avenue we sped on the dead run, as far as Massachusetts avenue. On that street we ran to New York avenue and brought up in front of the president's mansion. It was a distance of fully three miles, and the men were almost breathless when they came to shoulder arms before the gates. The already large crowd on the sidewalk was promptly dispersed and those within the inclosure who did not belong there were summarily ejected. The object of the forced march was for the purpose of body-guarding Lincoln during the vast assemblage which would follow the presidential party from the capitol building. We stayed there until 4 o'clock p. m., when all danger disappeared. The president had been ensconced safely in the white house and all peril had passed away. The police then took charge.

"It is now more than twenty-seven years since that memorable day, and the old and the great war president are still as vivid in my memory as when I was on the spot. The old man stood as firm as a rock, and I can never forget his handsome, tall and ungainly, he stood up there, prominent cheek-bones, and angular at every joint. But his great heart, his love for humanity, benevolence, and all the kindly traits that enable men to be blest in his kind eyes. The war president's memory lives in the appearance of this man. Slavery was eventually abolished, and that was a God's blessing, but to my mind it was one of the greatest blows the nation ever sustained—Lincoln's taking off at the time Booth's bullet did its deadly work. I am close in those days, when I knew the president's sentiments, and I am satisfied there would have been a compromise of some character effected in order to avoid the terrible slaughter which followed his death."

"There are but a few of the 'old guard' remaining," continued Mr. Reidy, with a sigh. The guard was composed wholly of men of mature years, chosen so purposely. I believe I am the only member of the famous company in Chicago at this time. And a glint of pride flashed from the old gentleman's eyes.

"Great men? Indeed I do. I remember quite a number of the celebrities of the nation in those days. When John A. Logan came on to Washington he was a Democrat. He and Douglas were called the 'big' and 'little' giants of the west. Jeff Davis was looked upon as a loyal and honorable statesman. He was a pronounced partisan, of course, but there was never a thought of treason in his make-up. John C. Breckinridge, acknowledged to be the handsomest man in the house, was also a power, and I think I have a recollection of Calhoun, but I cannot place him definitely."

"Yes, I'm proud of having been a member of the old Lincoln body-guard, but none of us who now survive can, in the nature of things, enjoy that distinction very long."

### One Time That Sheridan Got Mad.

Senator Plumb said: "I always think of Sheridan in connection with one conversation I had with him. 'General,' I said, 'you were in the west before I came east. What was your opinion of the army of the Potomac?' You remember it was criticized at that time as not doing its share of the work."

"Oh, the army of the Potomac was all right," said Sheridan. "The trouble was the commanders never went out to lick anybody, but always thought first of keeping from getting licked."

"Sheridan," continued the senator, "came east when the cavalry of the army of the Potomac was not in good condition, and Grant gave him the task of reorganizing it and raising its efficiency. He had worked away some time, when Meade sent him over the Rappahannock on a reconnaissance, and Sheridan came back, and in making his verbal report, alluded to a brush he had with Stuart's cavalry."

"Never mind Stuart," said Meade, interrupting. "He will do about as he pleases, anyhow. Go on and tell me what you discovered about Lee's forces."

"That made Sheridan mad and he reported:—"

"D—Stuart. I can thrash him out of him any day."

"Those were times, you know, when men's utterances, like their deeds, were not fashioned upon the model of these days of peace. Well, Meade repeated the remark to Grant, who queried:—"

"Why didn't you tell him to do it?"

"Not long after Gen. Sheridan got an order to cross the river, engage Stuart, and clean him out."

"I knew I could whip him," said Sheridan, "if I could only get him where he could not fall back on Lee's infantry. So I thought the matter over and to draw him on started straight for Richmond. We moved fast and Stuart dogged us right at our heels. We kept on a second day straight for Richmond and the next morning found Stuart right in front of us just where we wanted him. He had marched all night and got around us. Then I rode him down. I smashed his command and broke up his lines, and his regiments and brigades and the poor fellow himself was killed there."

"Right here, senator," he continued, "I resisted the greatest temptation of my life. There lay Richmond before us and there was nothing to keep us from going in. It would have cost five hundred men, and I could not have held the place of course. But I knew the moment it was learned in the north that a union army was in Richmond, then every bell would ring and I should have been the hero of the hour. I could have gone in and burned and looted and left, but I learned the lesson, this thing that our men knew that they were about to have seen them come out of a fight in which only a handful were killed, discontented, mad clear through, because they knew an opportunity had been lost or a sacrifice, small as it was, had been needlessly made, and I had seen them come out of good natured, enthusiastic, and spilling for more when they had left the ground so thickly covered with dead that you could have crossed portions of the field on the bodies alone. They realized that upon this stand we were ordered to about face and a charge arms. They would have followed me, but they would have known as well as I that the sacrifice was for no permanent advantage."

"That," said Senator Plumb, "excites the man and the commander. I can't help but keep the confidence of his men and did it. He fought for results and not for glory."

### Gen. Wallace.

General Lew Wallace has beneath his dignified and soldierly bearing a considerable vein of fun. One evening, he said, he was at a whist party when the company got to telling "tall stories," until one suggested the formation of an "Ananias and Sapphira Club," of which the officers should be those who could tell the biggest yarns. Next morning as General Wallace was going down to his office, he met several of his friends, they got to comparing eyesight. One of them, pointing to a distant signboard, said he could read it easily. "Yes," said another, "but above it is a painted hand. Can you see it?" General Wallace adjusted his eyeglasses and said: "No, but I can see the signboard. I can't see a mosquito just about to take a light lunch on it." Amid roars of laughter the General was on the spot made president of the new club. General Wallace is also unassuming and unpretentious. When he came back from Constantinople crowded with honors and distinction he became to his neighbors the same cordial friend as ever. At a reunion of his old Eleventh Indiana Regiment he tramped through the streets shoulder to shoulder with the other veterans. He used to carry in his pocket a string of beads, which he wore on a green ribbon. Calling on friends he held these in his hands and twisted and twirled them in his fingers constantly throughout the conversation, until the friend, a young mother, thought that he was going to give them to her. But no; he was playing on them for his own mental diversion.

### Ninety-second New York Infantry.

The Ninety-second Infantry was organized at Potsdam, N. Y., with men taken from New Lawrence and Franklin counties. It was sent immediately on to join the Army of the Potomac, then moving toward Richmond. It had a share in the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Chickahominy, and others. When recalled from the peninsula, it formed a part of the reserve during the campaign. Was attached to the Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac, and shared in the subsequent movements of that division. It was mustered out at the close of its term, Jan. 1, 1867. The commanding officers of the regiment were: Colonel John A. Logan, resigning June 10, 1862; then Lewis C. Hunt, promoted to the position of Brigadier General Nov. 29, 1862; Major Thomas S. Hall (acting Colonel) till Jan. 1, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel Hiram Anderson (acting) till killed at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864; Lieutenant Colonel Truman A. Merriman till discharge of the regiment. The officers of the regiment at muster out were: T. A. Merriman, acting Colonel; Cyrus O. Hubbell, Quartermaster; Alexander Edmonston, Surgeon.

### German Military Drill.

In Germany youths are, as it were, taken bodily out of the way of temptation at the most dangerous period of their lives and sequestered from the world for nearly three years, during which their muscles are developed and their intelligence is supplied with the means of development. They are taught to practice an absolute and blind obedience, they are fed wholesomely and sufficiently, but in such sort as to render them comparatively indifferent to good cheer; they are made to work hard at their work, but they have to labor at any calling whatsoever in private life; their morals are looked after with extreme care, and they are made to have completed their term of service they are dismissed to their respective civil avocations as a rule in high health, bodily and mental, well set-up, hard and tough, sound in mind and limb, with habits of order, sobriety and economy, and in every respect better men than they would have been had they spent the three years in question at the plow, the forge, or the desk.—*Beatty-Kington's Reminiscences.*

### A Cannon to Shoot Twelve Miles.

"We are now," said the director of the Pittsburg works, "making a cannon for the American Emmentis Company. It will be used to demonstrate the value of that new explosive. It is a smooth bore, three inches in diameter and 100 inches long, and will throw a six-inch shell with emmentis from ten to twelve miles."

"In ordinary rifled cannon the shell turns one and one-quarter times in the length of the gun. This gives it a terrific torsional strain, and necessitates a corresponding thickness and strength of the shell and a proportionate reduction of space for the explosives. In other words the internal space for the explosive is reduced one-half to secure the necessary strength. Now the Emmentis Company proposes to avoid this trouble by returning to the old smooth-bore cannon, and at the same time to secure the necessary range by the increased power of their explosive. This new gun they expect to throw a dynamite shell as far as a rifled cannon.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Mrs. Carl Strakosch (Miss Clara Louise Kellogg) has been ill for about a month with whooping cough, which has caused her to abandon the most concert tour she has planned for this spring. The cough is severe and extremely troublesome.

## CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

A Lady Visits the Great Western Authors at Her Home.

So little has been said recently about Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murrell),



# The Upsilon.

THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1888.

## THE EDITOR'S BLUE MONDAY.

No preacher ever experienced a more depressing reaction from the nervous strain of his Sabbath labor—that period of utter "let-down" which has gone into our traditions as "blue Monday"—than is realized by the newspaper editor who is publisher and manager at the same time, when he has put his paper to press and feels that he has completed another week's work; and that let-down is in exact proportion to his sense of responsibility and of the importance of his work. The nervous strain steadily increases and the anxiety and sense of responsibility intensify all through the week, and culminate with the final work of putting the paper to press—always in haste, always with lack of time and opportunity to do some things that should be done, always with an impression of important things forgotten or neglected, always with a haunting fear of errors overlooked, or of unguarded expression that must give unintended offense. He must choose at the last moment between two things that are important, only one of which is possible; and if he at all realizes the importance of his work and his responsibility he will always feel that, however excellently that work may have been done, it is far below what it should have been. Then, when it is finally completed in some shape, and the paper is put to press and no more can then be done, the nervous reaction is intense, if he have any nerves, and work that involves thought is impossible. This state of things recurs every week, with the editor and manager of the weekly paper. On daily papers, the work is more divided and classified in departments, and the responsibility shared by many.

At the close of an important political campaign, there comes a whole week which bears to the editor's weekly "blue Monday" something such a relation as the Jewish jubilee year bore to the ordinary Sabbath. He has conducted what he conceived to be his portion of the work, in such manner as his sense of duty as a citizen entrusted with exceptional responsibility prompted. If he be at all fitted for his place, he has done that with conscientious fidelity, and with earnest regard to the general result, and has thought little of how it should affect him personally; and the anxious, nervous strain has steadily increased through a period of months instead of one week, and culminates when he gets out the last issue before the election. Then, instead of a day or two of relaxation, he needs a week or two; but he cannot have it. His paper must be out on time next week, and he must go to work upon it; but how shall he do it. He is unfit to do any work, and there seems nothing that he can do, and yet the paper must come out. The topics that have so long occupied his attention and the attention of the public, will have suddenly dropped out of sight, before publication day. If the public have become utterly sick of party politics, much more he; but what else is there. He cannot evolve new lines of thought, in a moment, and the daily papers all go on through the week, banging away on the same line, and give him no topics or thoughts upon any other.

The election news will be important enough, but he cannot fill his paper with that, and what else in the world can he find to talk about? What can he say that shall have interest and value for his readers in that paper? It is three months of blue Mondays all crowded together, and yet with no relaxation of the demand upon him.

These reflections may suggest to the indulgent reader some excuse, if his paper shall this week seem to fall short of reasonable expectation.

## CARDINAL NEWMAN.

How important in its results, yet how soon lost to general recognition, a life of exceptional energy and devotion may be, is exemplified in the history of Cardinal Newman. Fifty years ago, the Oxford professor who had just left the Anglican for the Roman communion, was the most conspicuous man in England. His character, ability and unquestioned piety made his change of allegiance doubly painful to those whom he left, and caused him to be received with unstinted welcome by those to whom he transferred his allegiance. Now, an aged man, he draws near the inevitable doom; and the papers announce his condition as an ordinary item of news, in which a few cultured or religious people only will feel even a passing interest. Cardinal Newman served his generation as other leaders have done before him, but that generation is passing away. To those who are crowding upon the present stage he is known as a writer rather than as an ecclesiastic. Many who condemned the churchman loved and appreciated the man. There are few hearts which have not been cheered and strengthened by that sweetest of hymns which will survive after all else that bears his name is forgotten:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;  
Lead thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
Lead thou me on!  
Keep thou me near: I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!  
So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

An exchange, speaking of Ingersoll, says that "even the most skeptical have got tired of his merely destructive criticism of the Bible and Christianity. It is all very well, they say, to destroy men's creeds but we want something in their place, and Ingersoll can't supply the demand." This is very true. Ingersoll's lectures were entertaining, to such as were not shocked by them, but they left in the mind nothing of value, and even the most thoughtless come in time to realize that, and to feel that he

who takes away a thought or a feeling, a theory or belief or principle, is himself deficient in all of those if he offer not in return another of equal or greater value.

## NEEDED LEGISLATION.

Now that election is over, and the legislature will soon meet, it is to be hoped that there may be a full discussion of our election laws. The time is come when all parties should demand such a modification of these laws, as will give greater security to the ballot. As it is at present, in many of the precincts, the board of inspectors are all of the same political faith, and while we believe here in the north they are mainly honest there is nevertheless by this arrangement, undue temptation offered to falsify the returns. The law should provide in some way to secure representation for all interests on the board, and so remove the temptation to dishonesty.

Again, the tickets should be furnished by the state and places provided where voters can retire and arrange their ballots in private. The ballot lies at the foundation of our institutions, and no patriot will object to a stringent law to secure its sacredness. The frauds perpetrated in some sections of the country should be brought under the most searching scrutiny, and some means devised to end this outrage on the people's rights. The theft of the ballot should be punished. Let all parties, then, demand of our legislators a radical reform in these matters, and insist that they protect us against the lawlessness and crime from which we have suffered long and grievously.

The government of the United States was founded in the intelligence and virtue of the people and only so long as these two factors are potent in our elections, will the country be safe. In the past few years there has been much in the movements and spirit of parties to shake the confidence of thoughtful people in the perpetuity of our institutions and the time has come when the alarm should be sounded and most stringent laws enacted and enforced to eliminate from the body politic those elements which are liable to disturb our peace and endanger our country. Our schools should become more potent agencies in laying deep and secure the true sentiment of patriotism, in the minds of the people. American history should be imbued with more of the spirit of the fathers who held next to their God, the institutions of their country, sacred. The boon of a free government which they gave us should not be underestimated. The purity of the ballot and the conscientious exercise of the right of suffrage, should be inculcated and their necessity enforced by wholesome laws. Now, just after so important an election, is the time to strike out anew in the direction of genuine reform. How to preserve and strengthen the feeling and love of country, and to eradicate the evils in it, should more than ever engage the earnest and prayerful attention of all thoughtful minds. To kindle anew on the altars of our hearts, the spirit and reverence for righteous government, and to awaken in our homes the enthusiasm for what is right and true, should be the aim of every true American.

The man who sank a fortune by buying himself at his own estimate, and selling himself at the estimate of his neighbors, finds a fitting counterpart in those papers which have spent the campaign predicting big majorities rather than in discussing principles. He who has endeavored honestly to place the truth, as he sees it, before the public, has this to remember, in triumph or defeat, that truth survives; parties and measures fail; and the advocate of right principles is always on the winning side, even though the day of triumph be deferred.

## Music as She is Executed.

From Good Housekeeping.  
Attending services not long ago in an elegant church edifice where they worship God with taste in a highly aesthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem that compares Solomon with the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although never possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was left when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation through the mouth of the soprano that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor without a moment's hesitation sang as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." Then when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion even in that climate, the choir altogether in a most cool and composed manner informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these." These what? So long a time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or cutaway coat? Solomon with an eyeglass and moustache, his hair cut pompadour? No, most decidedly. Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though rather startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up his all his fortitude for the plunge, bellored forth the stern resolve

that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshakable resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocence, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."

## Didn't Sign.

Arkansas Traveler.  
[Arkansas printing office. A delegation from "away back" files in.]

Leader. (to business manager of office).—Lowed, a passul uv us did, that we'd come up an' sign fur yo' paper."

Business Manager (smiling warmly).—Glad to see you, gentlemen. Won't you have seats?

Leader.—No; ain't got time to set. Whut yer holden' yo' paper at now?

B. M.—Two dollars a year.  
Leader.—That much? Didn't 'low it was mo'n'er dollar. Ken git ter Fireside Smile fur six bits.

B. M.—Ah, well, you see it is only a cheap concern, a sort of advertising dodge. Whut you want is home news.

Leader.—Yas, that's a fact. Wall Lige Baily (addressing one of the delegation), plank down.

Lige.—Don't b'lieve I wanten sign fur it ter-day.

Leader.—W'y, yer wanted me ter come up here with yer. Whut yer, come up fur?

Lige.—Wanted ter sorter look er round.

Leader.—Jim Boyle, yer wanten sign, don't yer?

Jim.—No, don't b'lieve I do ter-day.

Leader.—W'y, ding it all, you said yer wanted ter sign.

Jim.—I said I mout sign.

Leader.—Tal Payton, I know you wanten sign.

Tal.—I 'low ter sign airtter while—airter I git in a little better shape.

Leader.—Why not now?

Tal.—Ain't fixed well eruff now. Ain't mo'n' got money eruff ter run me till I git home. I like the paper mighty well. Got some uv ter best things in it I ever seen.

Leader.—Wall, ef none uv ye wanten sign, reckon we'd better go as we've got a good deal of knockin' round ter do.

B. M. (to leader).—You wish to subscribe, do you not?

Leader.—No, I jest come up with the boys, here, an' I don't b'lieve I wanten sign fur it ter-day. Like the paper mighty well an' hope ter be able ter sign fur it putty soon. Wall, good day.

[A few moments later. In a saloon.]  
Leader.—Wall, fellers, nominate yo' pizen.

Lige.—Hol' on; I'm doin' this (throwing a ten dollar note on the bar).

Jim (sweeping the money back to Lige and replacing it with a gold piece).—Not much yer ain't. I axed yer in here. I reckon.

Tal (with pretended indignation).—Not by a jugful. Axed yer in myself. Here (to bar-tender) give us some straight goods.

Leader.—It makes no difference who pays fur it. Wall, here's hopin'.

## The Court of Last Resort.

Detroit Journal.  
The U. S. supreme court has by unanimous opinion, given the doctrine of state rights a powerful backing. It decides that the state of Iowa, and of course, any other state, has a right to prohibit the manufacture of liquor within its boundaries even when such liquor is intended for exportation to other states. It decided that a state has a right to tax telegraphs and telephones on all messages, sent within the limits of the state; and that a state has a right to force railroad employees to submit to tests for color blindness as a condition of employment. The supreme court has been the bulwark of state legislation long before a democratic president had a chance to put state rights defenders like Lamar on the bench. It has been discovered that the doctrine may be very useful now that it is no longer used as a barricade for slavery and a pretext for secession.

## Palestine Revisted.

The story of Jesus of Nazareth forms the principal theme in all the Sabbath schools. It is undoubtedly well told by all the teachers, but there are, probably, but very few of them who can form a clear perception of the times and of the surroundings of the story they love to tell so well. And there are thousands upon thousands besides the enthusiastic Sunday school workers anxious to know all about the people and the scenes among which Jesus walked about, teaching and healing and sowing the seed, of which the present day is reaping rich fruit. For them the panorama of Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, the preparation of which kept a large corps of artists busy for nearly three years, and on both sides of the Atlantic, has been the breaking of a new light upon their favorite theme. For this panorama faithfully depicts not alone Jerusalem with its interesting surroundings, not alone the scene upon Golgotha and what is authentically reported as having taken place in connection with it, but it also mirrors the people of all the known world of that day, as on the day of crucifixion the roads leading to Jerusalem were filled with pilgrims anxious to reach the confines of the holy city for the great passover feasts. There is in the rotunda on Wabash avenue, Chicago, far more than a panorama—the building contains a perfect treasure of information upon subjects of the highest interest to everybody having but the faintest idea of the relations which Jesus and His times bear to the present day.

The melancholy days have come, but Harper's Magazine for November brightens them perceptibly. There is no flavor of decay about it, and its leaves are as fresh and clean as in summer-time. The range of subjects is wide, and there is catering to many kinds of literary taste. Two articles, "Invalism as a Fine Art," and "The New Orleans Bench and Bar in 1823," can hardly fail to charm every one who reads them. The illustrations all through are most artistic, and the Departments show their usual sweetness, light and common-sense.

## A NOVEMBER DAY.

A sun, a wind, a sky like March,  
So bright, so keen, so clear and blue,  
The broad, broad, broad acres arch  
Which not a cloud is sailing through:

A smile of earth, a festive way,  
As though she woke from slumbering,  
And entered on a holiday,  
Might tempt one half to dream of Spring—

Except for trees whose glow is dead,  
Except for withered leaves and brown,  
That rustle underneath our tread,  
And make a woodland of the town.

For, as I walked, I turned to see  
The vista of a climbing street,  
With leaves o'erdrifted perfectly;  
It was a forest road complete.

Above, the branches softly bent,  
And scattered still their brown and gold:  
The sunshine to the pathway lent  
The glamour of some tale of old.

To-morrow morn the rain may fall,  
The clouds may gloom, the day be dull,  
But I must still remember all  
That makes this day so beautiful.

This forgotten scene will bless  
When darker hours must do their part;  
This late, still Autumn loveliness,  
This sunshine in November's heart.

—Emily S. Oakley.

## Sympathy in Joy.

Christian Union.  
We often think of the duty and privilege of sympathizing with our friends when affliction overtakes them, but there is a sympathy in their joys which is quite as beautiful, and is even more indicative of a generous nature free from guile and envy. A sour and morose disposition may take a sort of melancholy satisfaction in sympathizing with an unfortunate friend; it is only a generous soul that can heartily rejoice with those that do rejoice, as well as weep with those who weep.

It is very easy for us, when Neighbor Jones loses ten thousand dollars in an unfortunate speculation, to say, "Poor fellow, how he'll feel that loss! I fear he won't pull through." We can even tell him, with a good degree of sincerity, of our sorrow in his trouble; while, at the same time, we hug ourselves most complacently with the thought that we did not put our money into the same kind of mining stock. But when Neighbor Jones' real estate increases on his hands, and his Western town lots net him a handsome ten thousand, it requires a good deal more grace to congratulate him, especially when we think of our own town-lots that steadily refuse to rise. There is no surer indication of a large and generous nature than the ability to rejoice in another's joy.

## HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED!

## Spectacles

## Eye-Glasses

Fitted on Scientific Principles.

## EYES TESTED FREE!

## Dodge's Jewelry Store.

## Hickory & Ash Timber

I will pay \$12.00 per cord, Cash, for good Second Growth Hickory Butts suitable for Axe Handles, delivered at my shop, South of Depot, Ypsilanti. Good Second Growth Ash, suitable for Whiffletrees, Neck-Yokes, etc., also wanted.

C. W. DICKINSON.

## WARNER & OWEN'S NEW DRAY LINE!

The above company are prepared to answer all calls on short notice at reasonable rates. Moving Furniture and Pianos a Specialty.

Office at Corner Cross and River Streets, YPSILANTI, MICH. 6173

## DON'T BUY YOUR -ARCTICS-

Until you have seen the COLCHESTER ARCTIC "With the Outside Counter."

It's the Best Fitting and Best Wearing.

Arctic now made, and is made 'pon honor for reputation. The "Outside Counter" adds largely to the durability. These are the cheapest in the end. No extra charge for the "Outside Counter." Ask to see the "Colchester" Arctic. Kept here by Best Stores. At wholesale by

H. S. Robinson & Burtenshaw, DETROIT, MICH. 46173

## Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Jacob Emerick and Cynthia A. Emerick his wife, to Nevell B. Perkins, dated August 15, 1887, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, Aug. 17th, 1887, in Liber 88 of Mortgages on page 145, which mortgage was duly assigned by said Nevell B. Perkins to D. C. Griffen, guardian for A. J. Roe, and said Assignment recorded in said Register's office August 7th, 1888, in Liber 10 of assignment of mortgages on page 9, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest, and ALLY'S fee as provided for in said mortgage, eight hundred forty-two and ninety-one hundredths (\$842.91) dollars, hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue to the highest bidder, on the 25th day of January, 1889, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon at the southernly front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs to wit: The north half of the east half of the south-west quarter of Section 10, township 10 N., Ypsilanti, Washtenaw county, Mich.  
Dated Oct. 30th, 1888.  
D. C. GRIFFEN, Guardian A. J. Roe,  
Att'y for Assignee.

## SPECIAL!

On and after Monday, August 27th, I will offer my entire stock at

## VERY LOW PRICES

## Terms Cash.

All persons indebted to me will please call and settle at their earliest convenience.

H. P. GLOVER.

## A. B. BELL, DENTIST,

VanTuyl Block, Congress St., YPSILANTI, MICH.  
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary

## YPSILANTI SANTARIUM, Ypsilanti, Mich.



J. M. CHIDISTER, LESSEE AND MANAGER.

## WELLS & FISK,

SOUTH SIDE CONGRESS ST.,

## Pure Family Groceries,

Butter and Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Season.

## BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

QUICK SALES AND CLOSE PROFITS OUR MOTTO.

## A Large Stock of Goods

TO BE CLOSED OUT.

## Alban & Johnson

Offer their Mammoth Stock of

## CLOTHING

Suits and Single Garments,

Suitable for

## WINTER WEAR

Away Down, to prepare for Fall Stock.

Now is the time, while they are going.

## LOOK AT OUR NEW HATS

OF ALL STYLES, GRADES AND PRICES.

## Alban & Johnson.

## Ypsilanti Savings Bank

Organized under the general banking laws of Michigan, with a

CASH CAPITAL OF \$50,000

Transacts a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on all savings deposits of \$1 and upwards, compounded every six months.

Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.

D. C. BATCHELDER, President.  
R. W. HEMPHILL, Cashier.

## First National Bank,

Established 1863.

Capital & Surplus, \$100,000

Individual Liability of Stockholders, \$150,000

Interest Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

D. L. QUINN, President. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.  
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

## H. FAIRCHILD & CO.,

## CITY MARKET,

DEALERS IN

## Fresh and Salt Meats

Of all kinds, at the

## Lowest Market Price

Fresh Fish constantly on hand.

Our motto is to please all.

## ARE YOU BUILDING?

or needing any

Nails or Locks,  
Barn Hanger and Track,  
Trimmings of any kind,  
Cook Stove,  
Heating Stove,  
Gasoline Stove,  
or Oil Stove,  
Table or Pocket Cutlery,  
Shears and Scissors,  
or Carpet Sweeper,  
Granite Ware, Tinware,  
Shovels, Forks, Spades,  
and Wheelbarrows,  
Farm Bells,  
Tin Roofing,  
Eave Troughs,  
Etc., Etc.,

You will find a good assortment at the

## Huron Street Hardware

and at

## PRICES TO SUIT YOU

A share of your trade solicited.

## CHAS. M. NORTON,

Huron St., opp. Sanitarium.

## C. S. SMITH,

Cross Street, near the Depot,

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

## MEATS!

First-Class Sugar Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily

Only the best Meats handled, and only the Favorite Prices, charged at the

## Depot Meat Market,

C. S. SMITH, PROP.

## HEADQUARTERS

## Candies, Fruits, Nuts

Etc., Etc.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Complete Stock Candies in the City.

## F. A. OBERST

Follet House Block, Cross St.

1888 IS HERE

## D. B. GREENE!

Is at home every day for office work. Come and get your Life and Property Insured or get a Pension. He will write you a Will, Deed, Mortgage, Contract, or anything else, very cheap, and warrant all correct or no pay.

OFFICE OVER WELLS & FISK'S.

J. A. WATLING, D.D.S. L. M. JAMES, D.D.S.

## WATLING & JAMES,

DENTISTS, HURON ST.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.















DE TOUT MON CŒUR.

The sweetest songs I ever sing  
Are those I sing to you;  
The dearest thoughts that I can bring  
Are thoughts I never knew  
Until your soft eyes questioning  
Had made me question, too.  
My soul lies open to your sight,  
When all the world's away;  
Like that pale flower that at night,  
As ancient legends say,  
Unfolds beneath the moon's clear light  
And dies at dawn of day.  
—GEO. H. DUFFIELD in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Men Are Just as Bad.

A woman, speaking of the attacks made upon her sex for their methods of handling their skirts or bustles when sitting down, carrying their parasols, and other habits, says: "I think three-quarters of such talk is nonsense. I am perfectly sure that men have just as many marked habits as women. What can be more absurd, I would like to know, than to see a man, every time he sits down, fling his coat tails wide apart? Then, again, that everlasting twitching at the legs of his trousers so as to pull them up in folds above the knees, and exposing generally the not always attractive top of a pair of shoes, with strings tied in by no means picturesque knots. To me one of the repulsive habits is the deplorable use of a handkerchief before replacing in the pocket, which is quite common among men. I always wonder if the user is afraid of getting them mused or only wants the outside fresh and clean. As regards pulling down cuffs so they will show beneath the sleeve, and similar tricks, are they not every day sights?" —The Argonaut.

The Soft Shell and the Hard Shell.

It is a popular fallacy that soft shell crabs are a different species from hard shell crabs. Practical fishermen and scientific biologists both disprove it. The soft shell crab is the hard shell crab soon after it has moulted. Four times a year to the young crab and once or twice a year to the grown crab comes a season of peril and fear. He crawls into a dark many or oak in the rocks, swells out until he cracks open his shell, and then creeps out. This operation is sometimes extremely painful, for his claws are much larger than the joints through which they must be pulled, and they are often lacerated in the process. If his flesh did not become soft and watery before shedding he could not get out at all.

When the crab has moulted, the once mailed warrior, who feared no foe except a more powerful antagonist of his own kind, is at the mercy of any enemy who can get into his retreat. When the female crab moults her male consort chivalrously guards the entrance to her hiding place until her skin is covered with a fresh deposit of lime. The experienced eye can tell when the change is approaching. Last year a number of "shell-diggers" established themselves on the Thames, a few miles south of Norwich, near Fort Point. They caught hard shell crabs, imprisoned them in a crate beneath the water, and when the shells had been shed, the "soft shell crabs" were shipped to New York and other points. —Cor. New York Tribune.

Monuments of an Unknown Race.

Unhewn stone monuments are among the most interesting relics of prehistoric man found in France and other portions of Europe, the ancient province of Brittany being especially rich in them. The builders, Mr. Thomas Wilson states, are supposed to have come from a more or less remote east during the polished stone age, bringing a knowledge of agriculture, some ideas of government and a religion, with less of art than the inhabitants of the country before them possessed. They buried their dead, and left the magnificent monuments over them which, to the number of more than 6,800 in France and more than 1,600 in Brittany, are now being carefully restored and preserved by the French government. Some of these monuments are made up of many immense stones, while others are really collections of monuments in great numbers.

The works are known by various names. A menhir is a large stone standing on end; a dolmen, a table like tomb; a cromlech, a circle of stones; an alignment, line of menhirs, and a tumulus, a mound of earth or stones usually covering a dolmen. Many of the monuments must have disappeared, but all these remain, dotting the country in every direction, enormous, rough, rude, unhewn granite stones—belonging to another civilization, mighty in its time, but now dead and buried in the ages of the past, with no inscriptions and no history.—Arkansas Traveler.

Old Fashioned Political Oratory.

The political oratory of the United States for the first half of the present century, if we except the speeches of a few well known statesmen, had in it little, if anything, to commend it to the student. The addresses were, as a rule, delivered to outdoor assemblies composed of men whose education had not been such as to render them competent as to either matter or manner. The orator had full license not only in respect to statement of fact, but in every other particular, for the art of stenography had not reached that perfection which enabled the reporter to catch every word of the speaker and repeat it forever in the printed record of the time. To the uneducated hearer a ludicrous but not indelicate anecdote, a humorous but coarse expression, a torrent of slander, or a flight of grandiloquent but meaningless rhapsody was frequently more satisfactory than would have been the polished and witty periods of Wendell Phillips, or the argumentative discourses of Daniel Webster.

We occasionally find now, on the stage of political action in the west, a fossil of that old time. He has been delivering the same address for half a century, with such slight changes in it from year to year as would reconcile it to the times. His speech has never appeared in print, because it contains nothing worthy of publication. Indeed, in cold type it would be recognized at once as an absurdity, and yet it still finds those who applaud its successive repetitions, and insist that it is the sublimest effort of the human mind. —John Beatty in The Writer.

The Planet Mars.

Astronomers claim that they know Mars has aqueous vapor in its atmosphere, but they do not know which part of its surface forms this by evaporation. Their theories follow their observations rapidly, and very few theories come to be substantiated. From the days when Dr. Dick wrote, and suggested plans of opening communications with the supposed inhabitants of the moon, to the present, the wildest ideas have constantly attended the steady, practical investigation of astronomers. Yet the astronomer plods on with the instrument maker, and each century adds its results to those of what has been attained before, and though many wild theories attend each discovery the discovery itself remains while most of the theories die.

However, there is some reason for inferring that Mars is composed of land and water. The water seems to be always connected. Even the so called canals connect with the seas, being of the same color, and no canal ends in the center of a continent.

Manual Training in Schools.

The extent to which manual exercises may be introduced into public schools will no doubt be governed by certain peculiar limitations. To begin with, it is not expected that boys generally will be able to handle heavy tools until about 13 years old. Give them, therefore, exercises in which the lighter means may be employed, such as glue, the jackknife, etc. Again, we are limited by the absolute impossibility of generally connecting with common schools work shops and special instructors. Furthermore, courses of study already overcrowded, and the lack of specially prepared teachers, are obstacles which cannot be overcome. Industrial drawing is largely taught throughout the country. We would urge that exercises connected with it be arranged for an outgrowth of constructed objects. This is not only practicable, but applicable to all common schools.

Depend upon willing parents, brothers and sisters for whatever home instruction is necessary in the manual execution of the thought, and we shall at least have wisely directed the natural tendency of children to make things, and have aroused an interest which will assist materially in the establishment of special manual training schools whenever they become practicable. —Charles M. Carter in The Century.

Back Rooms Are Preferred.

"How much of your income do you have to pay for office rent?" was asked of a well-to-do lawyer the other day. His rooms are on the first floor back of a Diamond street law building.

"Well," said he, "my partner and I have three rooms, way back, as you would call it, and have to pay for their use the modest sum of \$600 per year. I sometimes think I'd rather be the owner of a large law building, than be an attorney with a big practice."

"You say your offices are in the rear; what do the men in the front of the building pay?"

"Not nearly so much. You're surprised? Well, no doubt, but what I say is right, and I'll tell you why. Persons occupying rooms in the rear of a building are willing to pay a little more than for front rooms. This is because they are not annoyed by habitual office loafers, of whom there are many; then the man who runs in 'just to write a note,' as he says, 'or wants to use your desk a minute,' is unknown. Fakirs don't find you in the recesses of your rooms, and the noise and rumble of wagons and street life do not annoy you. These are a few reasons why back offices are preferred and command a higher rate of rent." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Italian's Ugly Weapon.

A knife, commonly carried and frequently used by criminal Italians, is what Professor Scannapieco, the Neapolitan fencing master, calls the "molletta." The molletta bears some resemblance to a sword, though considerably longer. There is only one edge, and the blade opens like a penknife. It swings loose, however, and when drawn is opened by catching hold of the handle with the fingers and throwing the blade outward. This requires practice and dexterity. A small spring catches the knife and holds it open. It is closed by pressure upon a tiny "button" on the handle. Though not as effective a weapon as the stiletto, it makes an ugly wound when used by an expert, and can be opened almost as quickly as a stiletto can be drawn from its sheath. The ease with which it can be concealed adds to the frequency of its use. The handle is hard wood or bone. —New York Graphic.

Belgian Watch Dogs.

Among the exhibits in a Belgian dog show is a breed of dogs, the Schipperkes, found only in Belgium. They are made use of as watch dogs on board the numerous inland navigation boats. They are small black dogs, without tails and with pointed ears, of extraordinary intelligence and fidelity. —New York Sun.

Produce Markets.

YPSILANTI, Oct. 8, 1888.	
Wheat	90¢ 1 00
Corn, ears	18¢ 22
shelled	40¢ 46
Oats	25¢ 27
Rye	45¢ 50
Barley, 2¢ wt	1 00¢ 1 25
Buckwheat	90¢ 70
Hay	8 00¢ 10 00
Beans	1 00¢ 1 30
Potatoes	30¢ 30
Turnips	20
Onions	25¢ 35
Parsnips	45¢ 60
Cabbage, 2¢ head	30 5
Butter	20¢ 22
Eggs	19

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MONDAY EVEG., NOV. 26TH.

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CONCERT!

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Prima-Donna Soprano.

MISS HOPE GLENN,

Contralto of Nilsson Concert Co.

(Specially Engaged from London.)

MME. TERESA CARRENO,

The World-Renowned Pianist.

MR. LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG,

Violin Virtuoso.

MR. LEON KEACH,

Musical Director and Accompanist.

Admission, \$1.00.

Family Tickets, admitting 6, \$5.00.

T. S. ANDERSON, Pres. M. S. SMITH, V. P.  
R. S. MASON, Cashier.

State Savings Bank,

91 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

CASH CAPITAL, - \$200,000.

Four per cent. interest paid on Savings deposits.  
Directors—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Becker, W. K. Anderson, R. S. Mason, C. F. Freer, G. H. Russell, W. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke.  
Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

Real Estate Transfers.

Preston W. Ross and wife to M. and Elizabeth Max, Ypsilanti city, \$3,000.  
Laura A. Leonard to Mary C. Whitney, Ann Arbor city, \$1,000.  
Wm. W. Whitlark to Mary A. Whitlark, Ann Arbor city, \$150.  
Albert M. Clark to Arthur S. Clark, Lodi, \$22.15.  
Seth P. Sumner and wife to Wm. Burks, Ann Arbor, \$1,300.  
Wilson & Warner to Jacob Sturm, York, \$120.  
Thomas Richards and wife to Albert F. Ball, York, \$135.  
Vna. Burdell and wife to Frances C. Welch, Ann Arbor city, \$1,200.  
Franz Rothenbuecher and wife to A. and A. Hult, Ann Arbor city, \$500.  
Daniel Kierstead to Caroline Truehauf, Ann Arbor city, \$150.  
Edward H. Scott and wife to Hattie Pond Barker, Ann Arbor city, \$1,050.  
Wm. Guenther and wife to Trustees of the German E. B. Society, Seco, \$120.  
Philip Bach to Mayor, Recorder, etc., of Ann Arbor, Ann Arbor city, \$80.  
Ella L. Sweet to Chas. H. Ellis, Ypsilanti city, \$425.  
Grace G. Rogers to Chas. Rogers, Augusta, \$45.61.  
Jehiel H. Smith and wife to Amanda Ellis, York, \$125.  
Walcott & Ellis to Jehiel H. Smith, York, \$900.  
Wm. B. and Lorana Krum to Homer H. Boyd, Sylvan, \$100.  
Chas. Storer to E. S. and A. L. Tate, Bridge-water, \$100.  
James Doyle and wife to Alfred Putnam, Milan village, \$75.  
Herman Schlack, by heirs, to Leonard Gruner, Ann Arbor city, \$5,700.  
Mary Howard, by Probate Court, to Catherine Howard, et al, Decree of Assgt.  
Ypsilanti Paper Co. to Joseph Korhel, Superior, \$500.  
C. S. and O. B. Cady to Julia S. Taylor, Ann Arbor city, \$2,000.  
Patk. Fitzsimmons and wife to George S. Sill, Dexter village, \$500.  
Eliza H. Cordary to Catherine Nicaise, Ypsilanti city, \$500.  
E. W. Morgan et al, to George S. Sill, Dexter village, \$15.  
John W. Keating to Timothy E. Keating, Ann Arbor city, \$300.  
Noah G. Butts and wife to Otis C. Johnson, Ann Arbor city, \$500.  
Wm. P. Groves and wife to O. C. and K. C. Johnson, Ann Arbor city, \$800.  
Julia A. Street to O. C. Johnson, Ann Arbor city, \$900.  
John G. Neithammer, by admr., to Wm. Feldhauser, Ann Arbor city, \$185.72.  
Joseph H. Durand, by admr., to Mary Durand, Chelsea village, \$500.35.  
John Baumgardner to Wm. B. Everest, Ann Arbor city, \$400.  
Frank A. McGraw to Sarah and Corrina McGraw, \$4,500.  
Benjamin F. Jones to Toledo, A. A. & N. M. R. Co., Ann Arbor city, \$1075.  
Emily Cunningham to Order of Good Samaritans & Co., Ypsilanti city, \$20.  
Sarah E. Calvert to Wm. J. Calvert, in trust, Ann Arbor city.  
Storling A. Millard, by ex., to John Wallace, Manchester, \$25,000.  
Chas. S. Millard et al, to John Wallace, Manchester, \$25,000.  
Fred G. Wolf and wife to Chas. H. Kempf, Sylvan, \$1,300.  
Emma C. Crause to Elizabeth Reichenecher, Ann Arbor city, \$1,300.  
Frederick W. Cleveland to Enoch C. Bowling, Ypsilanti city, \$1,300.  
Michael Burkhardt and wife to John Renz, Freedom, \$120.  
Orin A. Kelley and wife to Albert F. Ball, York, \$575.  
Leonard Green and wife to George Bucklacher, Webster, \$1,300.  
Catherine Hines to Mary E. Hines, Chelsea village, \$800.  
Jacob Rothfus and wife to Chas. H. Kempf, Sharon, \$1,966.  
Milo Heicht and wife to Mary Burchard, Milan village, \$1000.

Rathfon Brothers'

FLOUR AND FEED STORE  
If you are in need of  
Seed Corn, Potatoes, and Beans!

FERTILIZER, DRAIN TILE,  
BINDING TWINE, MACHINE OIL,  
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PLOWS, AND ALL REPAIRS!

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HAY TEDDERS, FORKS, RAKES!

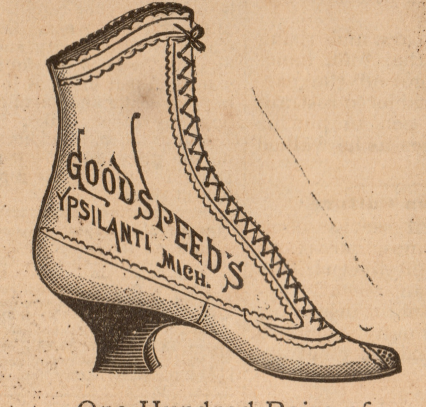
BALED HAY AND STRAW  
BY THE BALE OR TON.  
ALSO THE BEST FAMILY CREAMERY IN  
THE MARKET.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHINGTON, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washington, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the first day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Samuel Casey, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of James M. Childster praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that he may be appointed executor thereof. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 20th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

Wm. D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.  
Wm. G. Doty, Probate Register.

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In Sizes 3 and 3 1-2,  
Widths B and C.  
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Work done without the use of Chemicals or injury to clothes.

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I was induced to locate here from the fact that the people acted as though they would support such an industry, and the city I am sure is large enough to insure a paying business. The people heretofore have been obliged to send their laundry work to some other city, or have it done by the Celestials, who send their money out to a Foreign Country. Your patronage solicited.

W. B. PHILLIPS, Proprietor.

JOE SANDERS, the CLOTHIER

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Mr. Fingerle, artistic tailor, will personally  
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Children's, Boys', Youths', Men's.

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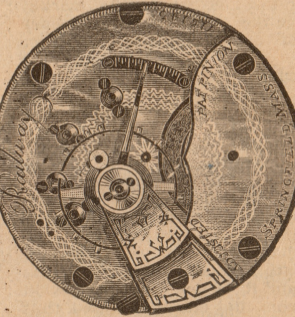
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of all kinds cheaper than any one in the city.  
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and any and every thing that is broken, in a workmanlike manner  
and guarantees satisfaction. Shop on

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Will be glad to meet his old friends and any others who may favor him with a call, at  
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Fresh Fish constantly on hand, and the Choicest Cuts of all kinds of Fresh and Salt  
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If you like a good Cup of Coffee  
try our Reverie Java and Blend

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Carries a full line of all kinds of Groceries.  
Try some of our HONEY-BEE  
COFFEE and Japan Teas. Fruits  
in season, and prices always  
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Winter Millinery,

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